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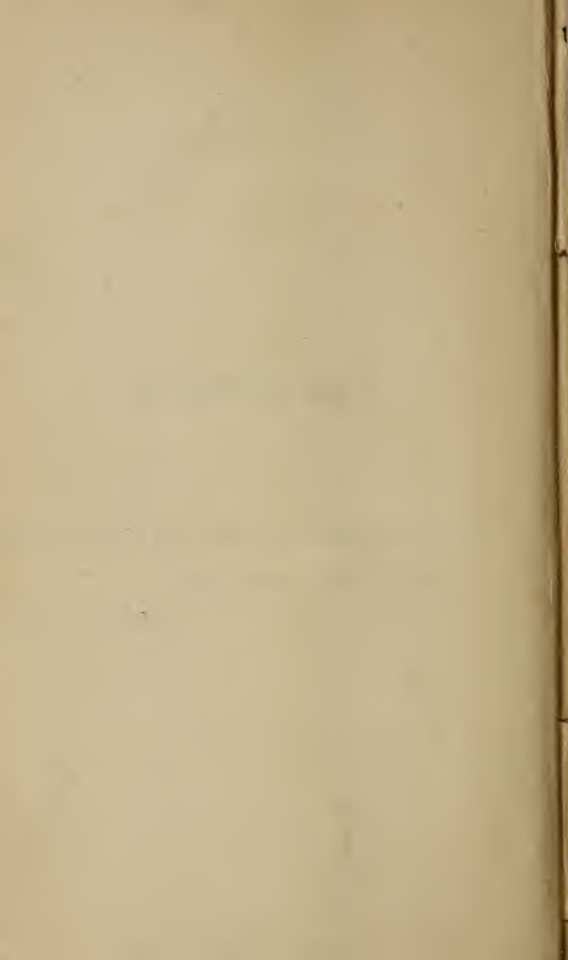
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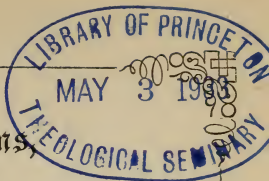
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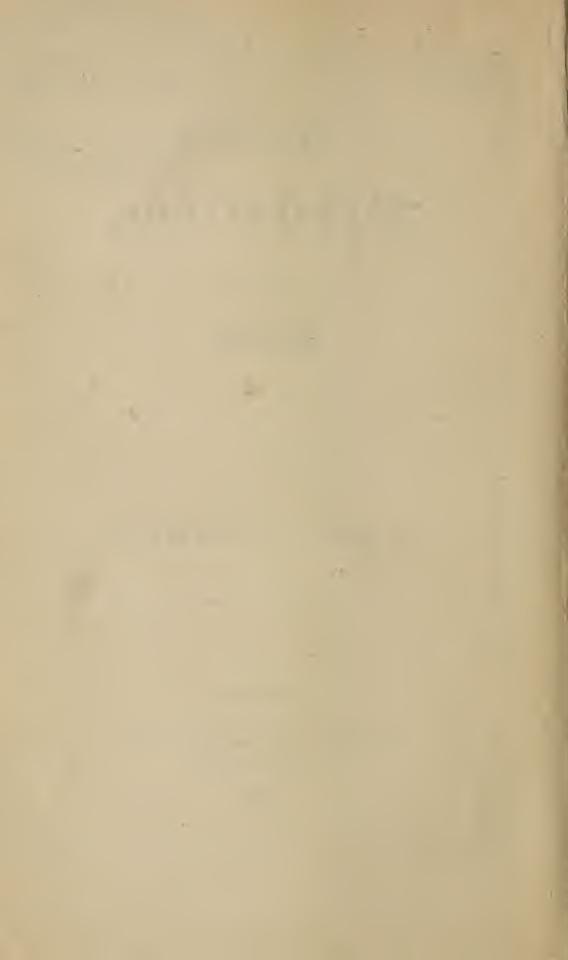
Hymns,
Meditations,
AND OTHER
Poems,

BY
JAMES J. CUMMINS.

L O N D O N :

PUBLISHED BY ROYSTON AND BROWN,
OLD BROAD STREET.

1849.



TO MRS. HENRY KINGSCOTE.

My dear Madam,

The following collection of fugitive pieces, which have from time to time relieved my hours of retirement from the occupations of busy life, contains one, in which are recorded the feelings of my mind—I may truly say, “my heart’s desire and prayer to God,” for your dear Boy, at that interesting moment when his Parents brought him to Holy Baptism, and when at their request I undertook the duties of Sponsor for him to the Church of God. I feel therefore peculiar gratification in being permitted to dedicate this little publication to you.

I know of no sphere of human exertion, in which there exists such an intense concentration of all the tender feelings of the heart, combined with such a powerful influence upon the future destinies of mankind, as the position occupied by a Christian Mother, in the midst of a numerous family, training “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,”—“the children which God hath graciously given” to her.

Having had repeated opportunities of marking the

high degree in which you are alive to the anxieties, and to the deep responsibilities of such a position, knowing too, that you enter upon its daily duties in a prayerful dependance upon divine aid, I cannot but believe that a blessing will rest upon your labours, and that in the after life of your large and interesting family, you will reap an abundant reward.

It would indeed be no small gratification to me, if the thoughts contained in these Poems, should in any degree aid you in drawing away their hearts from the transitory joys of a perishing world, and in leading them to "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

I beg to subscribe myself,

My dear Madam,

With much respect,

Your obedient Servant,

JAS. J. CUMMINS.

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Hymns.

PSALM xxiii. 1—2.

*“ The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want : He
maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He
leadeth me beside the still waters.”*

SAVIOUR ! I love to go
Where thou dost feed thy flock,
Where streams of comfort flow
Forth from the smitten rock ;
The beams of grace
And love divine,
In mercy shine,
To cheer the place.

'Midst verdant pastures there,
Thy sheep in peace repose,

Beneath the shepherd's care,
Safe from their cruel foes ;
Thy face they see,
And still rejoice
To hear thy voice,
And follow thee.

There oft thy gifts of love
Our waiting souls have known,
And thy celestial dove
Sheds richest blessings down ;
There sweetest peace
And love abound,
And joys are found
That never cease.

There faith delights to view
Thy boundless stores of grace,
And mercies ever new,
In all thy works to trace ;
I see thy love
Where'er I go,
In all below,
And all above.

And when with care oppress,
Or anxious fear dismayed,
My spirit seeks her rest,
Beneath thy mercy's shade ;
For sweetly there
With thee I meet,
And at thy feet
Cast all my care.

Dear Saviour, now unfold
Thy precious love to me ;
Let me again behold
All my fresh springs in thee ;
With strength renewed,
My soul shall spring,
On eagle's wing,
To thee, my God !

PSALM xci. 2.

“ My God ; in him will I trust.”

SAVIOUR ! to thee my soul shall cling,
 Whate'er my outward portion be ;
 I'll seek the shelter of thy wing,
 And fix my every hope on thee ;
 O, let me not unfaithful prove,
 Or doubt thine everlasting love !

When I attempt to trace thine hand,
 And all thy gifts of love recount,
 Mercies, unnumbered as the sand,
 My highest powers of thought surmount :
 O, let me not unfaithful prove,
 Or doubt thine everlasting love !

When wandering in a desert wild,
 Thou didst in love my soul behold,
 Mercy embraced me as a child,
 And led me to thy chosen fold :
 O, let me not unfaithful prove,
 Or doubt thine everlasting love !

And when my wayward feet would stray,
Back to the world and sin again,
Oft does thy mercy hedge my way—
Thy love my wavering heart restrain :
O, let me not unfaithful prove,
Or doubt thine everlasting love !

When grief and pain oppress my mind,
When creature comforts fade and die,
In thee my resting place I find,
And swiftly to thy bosom fly :
Thus in my darkest hour I prove
The strength of everlasting love.

REVELATION v. 9—10.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy—for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests."

SHALL hymns of grateful love

Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above,

Their songs of triumph sing?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

Shall every ransomed tribe,
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all power ascribe,

Who saved them by his grace?
And shall not we take up the strain
And send the echo back again?

Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them by his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God?

And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again ?

Ye saints around the throne,
Who see his glorious face,
Bring forth the corner stone,
And shout triumphant grace ;
While we attempt to catch the strain,
And send the echo back again.

Yes ! saints on earth may join
The ransomed hosts above,
In one blest band combine
To sing redeeming love ;
From heaven we catch the blissful strain,
And send the echo back again.

O, let us spread the sound !
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name ;
Till the wide world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again !

THE

Returning Penitent.

Forgive me, oh, my Father !
And to thy footstool call
Thine erring child,
By sin defiled,
And prone from thee to fall.
The world around was smiling,
Its prospects bright and fair,
The tempter all-beguiling,
Entrapped me in his snare.

Forgive me, oh, my Father !
And let thy chastening rod
My sins reprove,
Correct in love,
And bring me to my God.
I found earth's sweetest fountain,
Was bitterness to me ;
Like birds unto their mountain,
My soul returns to thee.

Forgive me, oh, my Father !
 And bless me with thy peace,
 That near to thee,
 I still may be,
 And all my wanderings cease.
 Thus happy in thy favour,
 Cleansed in my Saviour's blood,
 My soul shall find for ever,
 Her resting place in God.

Resignation.

“ Commit thy way unto the Lord.” Psalm xxxvii.—5.

Whate'er the portion of earth's store
 My Father's love assigns,
 Why should I wish that portion more,
 Or doubt his wise designs.

He knows the subtle tempter's wiles,
 He knows my treacherous heart,
 How soon ensnared by earthly smiles,
 And prone from Him to part.

Have I not knelt before His throne,
And poured my earnest prayer;
Have not I said, "Thy will be done,"
And sought his guiding care?

And shall I dare to murmur now,
Against His righteous will?
Nay—rather let me meekly bow,
And seek that guidance still.

What though in lowly paths He lead,
If God be with me there,
His tender love supplies each need,
And sweetens every care.

Then oh, my Father! still decide,
Whate'er for me is best;
Through life's short journey be my guide,
And bring me to Thy rest.

CANTICLES i. 7—8.

*“ Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest **THY FLOCK** to rest at noon : for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions ?*

“ If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds’ tents.”

Where dost thou feed thy favor’d sheep ?

O, my beloved, tell me where ?

My soul within thy pastures keep,

And guard me with thy tender care.

Too prone, alas ! to turn aside,

Too prone with alien flocks to stray ;

Be thou my shepherd, thou my guide,

And lead me in thy heavenly way.

If thou would’st know, thou fairest one !

Where soul-refreshing pastures be,

Feed on my word of truth alone,

And walk with those that walk with me.

I with the contrite spirit dwell,

The broken heart is my abode ;

Such spikenard yields a fragrant smell,

And such, are all the saints of God.

PSALM cxxi.

I lift mine eyes beyond the hills,
From whence proceeds my aid ;
My help proceedeth from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth has made.

He'll not permit thy foot to slide,
Thy guardian will not sleep ;
The Lord with ever watchful care,
Will His own people keep.

Thy faithful keeper is the Lord,
Who evermore shall stand,
To shelter thee from every harm,
Thy shade at thy right hand.

Amidst the sunbeams of the day,
Thou shalt unsmitten be,
And in the nightly lunar reign,
From unseen dangers free.

From all the various ills of life,
Thy God shall thee defend,
And to thy never dying soul,
His saving power extend.

Thy going out and coming in,
 Shall all protected be ;
 He'll keep thee safe in time, and safe
 Through all eternity.

JAMES iv. 7.

“ Resist the Devil, and he shall flee from you.”

Ye who love the Lord indeed,
 Ye from Satan's bondage freed,
 Onward press with ardent speed,
 Press to victory.

Though a fierce and cruel band
 Watch your steps on every hand,
 Stand with Christian courage, stand,
 And the foe shall flee.

Strongly may corruption strive,
 Evil nature still survive,
 Till the hour of death arrive,
 And the pris'ner free.

Earth may with her syren voice,
Tempt you to delusive joys,
Think that sin the whole alloys,
Flee the tempter, flee.

Set your hearts on things above,
Faithful to your Master prove,
Meditate on Jesu's love,
Sweet the theme shall be.

See its vastness all displayed,
When on Him your guilt was laid,
When He bowed his righteous head,
Look to Calvary.

THE

Crucifixion.

By the cross I stand and wonder,
Trembling nature shuns the sight,
See, the rocks are rent asunder,
And the sun withdraws his light :
“ It is finished !” Jesus cries,
And the mighty victor dies.

See, the Jewish priests, confounded,
Gaze upon the victim slain ;
That voice has through the temple sounded,
And the vail is rent in twain.
“ It is finished !” shadows flee,
Types are all fulfilled in me.

Lo, a band of saints uprisen,
Tell His triumphs and rejoice ;
Death no longer guards their prison,
Death has heard the victor's voice.
Opening graves around declare,
JESU's cry hath triumphed there.

Social Worship.

“ Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

Matthew xviii. 20.

When those who fear and love the Lord,
Meet as they journey here,
What pleasure does the thought afford,
That Christ himself draws near.

While they in sweet communion join,
And seek to know His ways,
He fills their souls with love divine,
With gratitude and praise.

With fresh delight they read His word,
New beauties rise to view ;
They feel the presence of their Lord,
And gain his blessing too.

PSALM cxxxvii.

Where Babel's river flows,
We sat, with hearts distressed ;
We wept for Zion's woes,
By stranger foes oppressed :
Our harps neglected and unstrung,
On bending willows round us hung.

For there, with cruel scorn,
Our foes a song desired ;
Of captive slaves forlorn,
They mirth and joy required ;
And, adding insult to our wrongs,
They ask'd for one of Zion's songs.

How could our feeble tongues
Attempt Jehovah's praise,
Or His triumphant songs,
In foreign lands to raise !
When I forget Mount Zion's woe,
No cunning let my right hand know.

If memory hold not thee,
 Within her clenched grasp,
Let my tongue parched be,
 With an expiring gasp ;
If I prefer not Salem's weal,
Beyond the utmost joy I feel.

Remember Edom's seed,
 O Lord, in Salem's day ;
And their tremendous deed,
 On their own heads repay.
Raze it, they said, the word went round,
Raze its foundations to the ground !

Daughter of Babel see,
 Thy destined ruin come ;
Oh, happy shall they be,
 Who execute thy doom ;
Happy who crush thy vip'rous race,
And desolate thy dwelling place !

THE

Expectant Church.

"How long, O Lord God, holy and true"

Rev. vi.—5. 10.

How long, O God of truth, how long,
 Shall earth the blighting curse retain,
 And Satan lead a countless throng,
 Captive beneath his galling chain?

How long shall midnight darkness hide,
 The chaos of the human mind?
 While false religion far and wide,
 Sends forth "the blind to lead the blind."

Almighty God! at thy command,
 "Let there be light," a glorious day;
 Proclaim thy truth through every land,
 And error's night shall pass away.

The banners of thy grace unfold,
 Proclaim thyself a pard'ning God,

And let the Saviour's love be told,
Where sin defiles, where man hath trod.

Awake ! put on thy strength, O God !
Cast down the proud usurper's throne ;
Send forth thy heralds all abroad,
And claim the kingdoms for thine own.

ISAIAH lxiii. 7.

*“ I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord,
and the praises of the Lord, according to all that
the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great
goodness toward the house of Israel, which he
hath bestowed on them, according to his mercies,
and according to the multitude of his loving-
kindnesses.”*

Let pard'ning mercy tune our songs,
And our sweet theme be love divine ;
To thee, O Lord, the praise belongs,
For all salvation's work is thine.

Angelic hosts, around thy throne,
 Dwell on the fulness of thy love;
 But thy redeemed saints alone
 The sweetness of thy mercy prove.

Throughout creation's wide domain,
 Thy providential care we trace;
 But in Messiah's peaceful reign,
 We see the riches of thy grace.

Yes! in redemption's vast design,
 In thy deep counsels, planned of old,
 Thy brightest beams of mercy shine,
 And thou dost all thy love unfold.

Now from the cross on which he bled,
 The streams of love and mercy flow;
 And thither by thy Spirit led,
 Our souls their sweetest comfort know.

Vile as we are, that love we claim,
 And come with boldness to thy throne;
 We only plead the Saviour's name,
 And trust his righteousness alone.

REVELATION xiv. 2.

“ I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.”

Hark!—’Tis the celestial choir,*
 And the sweet strain of love,
 Resounds from every lyre,
 Through the ransomed hosts above.
 One endless hymn they raise,
 Still new, yet still the same ;
 “ All blessing, power, and praise,
 To God, and to the Lamb.”

The bright angelic throng
 Dwell on the blissful theme,
 And cry, in ceaseless song,
 “ Worthy, worthy, is the lamb !”
 With Hallelujahs now,
 The heavenly arches ring ;
 While countless myriads bow
 To Christ th’ eternal king.

* This metre is suited to the Tyrolese Hymn.

The prayers of saints ascend,
As incense round the throne,
Which all the faithful send,
In the name of Christ alone ;
Their great High Priest appears,
Presenting his own blood ;
Their names his breastplate bears ;
He pleads their cause with God.

The Saviour ever lives
To intercede above :
The Father smiles and gives
Richest mercy, peace, and love :
The streams of comfort flow,
And sweetest joys abound ;
While from the Church below
The songs of praise resound.

Litany.

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
 Bend from heaven thy gracious ear ;
 While our waiting souls adore thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear.
By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord !

Taught by thine unerring Spirit,
 Boldly we draw nigh to God ;
 Only in thy spotless merit,
 Only through thy precious blood :
By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord !

From the depth of nature's blindness,
 From the hardening power of sin,
 From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within ;
By thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord !

When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,

In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour ;
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain ;
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our rock and stay.
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

Collect

FOR THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lord of all power and might !

Fountain o'erflowing !

Author of life and light !

All good bestowing,

Bend from thy throne above,

Graft in our hearts thy love,

And may they ever prove

Ardent and glowing !

Saviour, we seek thy face,

Faint, yet pursuing ;

Shed forth abundant grace,

Our strength renewing ;

Prone from thy paths to stray,

Guide us in wisdom's way,

And still thy sceptre sway,

Our sins subduing.

Low at thy feet we kneel,

Thy grace imploring ;

May we thy Spirit feel,
 Our hearts restoring!
 Help us from sin to flee,
 And while we cling to thee,
 May our souls ever be
 Humbly adoring!

ISAIAH xxvi. 1.

*“ In that day shall this song be sung in the land of
 Judah.”*

Sweet are the strains of Judah’s song;
 A glad triumphant sound—
 “ We have a city great and strong,
 Salvation doth to us belong,
 For walls and bulwarks round.”

Let Zion’s watchman, opening wide,
 Her pearly gates unfold;
 That led by their Almighty guide,
 The saints may, like a swelling tide,
 Possess her streets of gold.

Enter ye bright unnumbered band,
 Ye saints beloved of God !
 Chosen around his throne to stand,
 Within Immanuel's glorious land,
 The purchase of his blood.

Lord, we await that blest release,
 And will not be dismayed ;
 This word bids all our sorrows cease,
 “ Him thou wilt keep in perfect peace—
 Whose mind on thee is stayed.”

Our great Redeemer, from his throne,
 Views all his feeble flock ;
 He is our sure foundation-stone,
 We build our hopes on him alone,
 Our everlasting rock !

Soldiers of Christ, sustain the fight ;
 We must prevail at length ;
 Faith shall put every foe to flight,
 Jehovah-Jesus is our might,
 Our everlasting strength !

ISAIAH lx. 1.

“ Arise, shine, for thy light is come.”

Judah, long despised, forsaken,
Now the song of triumph raise !
Now thy harp-strings re-awaken,
Hail the dawn of brighter days !
From the dust arise and sing,
Judah, now behold thy King !

On thy dark horizon gleaming,
See a ray of glorious light,
Now the day of promise beaming,
Scatters all thy gloomy night.
From the dust arise and sing,
Hail thy long expected King.

See a Star from Jacob rising,
See its glories shine afar ;
Now its light no more despising,
Come, and hail the Morning Star :
From the dust arise and sing,
Judah, now behold thy King !

This is He, by thee rejected,
Jesus Christ, in Judah slain ;
Once on earth despised, neglected,
Now He comes on earth to reign :
From the dust arise and sing,
Hail thy long-expected King !

Hark ! those halleluiahs pealing,
Break from Gentile and from Jew ;
Gentiles, at his footstool kneeling,
Claim a blood-bought triumph too :
While they both unite to sing,
Glory to the expected King !

Missionary Hymn.

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty."

Psalm xlv. 3.

Oh may the Spirit, from on high,
Kindle the fire of sacred love ;
And may the saints' united cry
Speed swiftly to the throne above.

Let the whole Church, with suppliant knee,
Before Jehovah's footstool fall,
Nor rise, till Satan's empire flee,
And Jesus reign the Lord of all.

Now do we lift imploring hearts
To Thee, our Father and our God ;
Bless with thy truth, earth's darkest parts,
And send thy Gospel all abroad.

Remember, Lord, thy truth of old,
Thine oath which yet recorded stands ;
In Isaac's promised seed unfold
Thy love to earth's remotest lands.

Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince,
 And ride in prosperous majesty ;
 Thy piercing truths shall soon convince,
 And bend the people's hearts to Thee.

Ascend, O King of Saints, thy throne,
 And let thy banners be unfurl'd ;
 Demand the nations for thine own,
 Arise, and bless a waiting world.

CANTICLES ii. 17.

“ Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.”

CHILDREN of God, behold from far,
 To cheer amid life's thorny way,
 The dawning of the Morning Star,
 Bright harbinger of endless day.

The portion of the saints below
 Is pardon, peace, and joy and love ;
 But, while on earth, we cannot know
 The fulness of the bliss above.

Soon shall we pass the vale of death,
 From sin, from pain, and sorrow free;
 And all, now dimly seen by faith,
 Enjoy in blest reality.

Soon shall we gain, through boundless grace,
 An entrance to the courts above,
 Behold the Saviour face to face,
 And dwell with him in endless love.

Jubilee.

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."
Psalm lxxxix. 15.

HARK! the trump of Jubilee;
 Hark! the shouts of victory;
 See, the heralds from above,
 Tell of pardon, peace, and love.

Lo! they turn to Calvary,
 Point to the accursed tree,

Tell of agony and woe,
Whence the streams of mercy flow.

Hark, they name the sinner's friend,
Hear, O Heaven, let earth attend,
'Tis the name of him that died,
JESUS CHRIST, the crucified !

Hark, they laud his sacred name,
Pardon through his blood proclaim ;
Hark, they lift his praises high,
Shout him Victor through the sky.

Oh repeat the blissful strain !
Tell the joyful news again !
Spread, Oh, spread the theme around,
Life and peace attend the sound.

JOHN x. 28.

" My sheep shall never perish."

'Tis the voice of Christ the Lord,
Listen to his gracious word:
Jesus, from his throne above,
Speaks in strains of richest love.

Fear not, little chosen flock,
Sheltered by the living Rock ;
Safe from danger and alarms,
Folded in your Shepherd's arms.

Oft your wayward steps would stray
From the narrow, rugged way,
But my name is pledged to keep
All my feeble helpless sheep.

Those whom love, Eternal, free,
Gave in covenant to me,
Those for whom I shed my blood,
Spotless I present to God.

Never shall my promise fail,
Satan never shall prevail,
Till the glorious work of grace
Perfects all the ransom'd race.

ROMANS xv. 13.

“ Joy and peace in believing.”

What holy joy and heavenly peace
Fill the believing sinner's breast,
When Jesus bids his sorrows cease,
And gives his wearied spirit rest !

Long 'midst the legal thunder's roar,
With sin's tempestuous sea he strove ;
The dreadful storm is heard no more,
Calmed by the voice of heavenly love.

A black portentous cloud of woes
His soul beheld with deep dismay ;
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
And chased the gloomy clouds away.

His prospects once were cold and drear,
He dared not raise his hopes to heaven ;
But pardoning love dispels his fear,
And mercy speaks his sins forgiven.

COLOSSIANS ii. 10.

“ Ye are complete in him.”

IN Jesus, our triumphant Head,
Eternal glories meet ;
In Him, the first-born from the dead,
His Church shall stand complete.

He bore the cross that Church to save ;
On Him stern justice fell :
He conquered Satan and the grave,
And burst the gates of hell.

Death, vanquish'd, owned the incarnate God,
Thus rising from the tomb ;
Ascending thus to point the road,
And guide his people home.

Now high on God the Father's throne,
The eternal Surety reigns ;
And still his love vouchsafes to own,
And still his grace sustains.

ISAIAH xlix. 16.

“Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.”

ETERNAL King, Incarnate Lord,
We rest upon thy plighted word,
Thy sheep shall perish never.
Safe in thine own Almighty hand,
Thy covenant of love must stand,
A bond which none can sever.

While through this vale of tears we go,
Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Thy promises refresh us ;
If fears and doubts assail the mind,
Still in thy word support we find,
“ Exceeding great and precious.”

No earthly tie so strong can prove,
As doth a tender mother's love,
And yet it may be broken ;
But fixed, immutable, and sure,
As thine Eternal throne secure,
The word, which Thou hast spoken.

What though we meet the world's disdain,
 What though we bear distress and pain,
 Our record is in heaven !
 Our names, inscribed on Jesu's hand,
 In characters of love shall stand
 Indelibly engraven.

Sabbath Hymn.

FROM THE JEWISH LITURGY.

Come, thou beloved Redeemer, come,
 Thy waiting church to bless ;
 Shine forth to cheer thy Sabbath-day,
 Thou Sun of Righteousness !

Once thou hast said, Remember, keep
 This sacred day to me ;
 And we, obedient to thy word,
 Devote it, Lord, to thee.

Thou, O Jehovah ! art our God,
 And thy great name is one ;
 All praise, and worship, and renown
 We yield to thee alone.

In life's short journey, we delight
 To meet thy day of rest ;
 Wearied with six days' care and toil,
 We love thy Sabbath best.

Rise royal city, Zion rise,
 Thy King's approach to hail ;
 Long has thy night of mourning been,
 In sorrow's gloomy vale.

Thus saith thy God, in richest love,
 Hear, O my people hear !
 Thy dust and sackcloth lay aside,
 In glorious robes appear.

To you, my people, Jesse's Son
 Hath full salvation brought ;
 By him, the babe of Bethlehem,
 Is thy redemption wrought.

Awake, arise ! thy light is come !
 Sing with triumphant voice ;
 Thy shame is past, thy sorrow gone,
 Let Israel's sons rejoice.

LAMENTATIONS i. 1.

*“ How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of
 people ! ”*

WHY are Judah's sons afflicted,
 Why is Israel still a slave ?
 Has it not been long predicted,
 That the Lord would Zion save ?

Why are Salem's walls forsaken,
 Once the dwelling of the Just ?
 Will her watchmen not awaken,
 And arouse her slumbering dust ?

Why do Persian proud oppressors,
 Rule her sons with iron hand ?
 Why are Gentiles now possessors
 Of her long-neglected land ?

Shall we find the sacred priesthood
 'Midst her peeled and scattered host?
 Is the royal line of David
 In the common ruin lost?

Go, and trace the sacred story!
 There we read the awful cause;
 They have slain the Lord of glory,
 They have trampled on his laws.

Ask ye now, why this affliction
 Burst upon them like a flood?
 By Messiah's crucifixion,
 They are guilty of his blood.

Lord, arise, and pity Zion,
 Now thy church incessant calls;
 Thy sure promise we rely on,
 While we think upon her walls.

Lord, bring back thine outcast nation;
 Gather Salem's scattered dust;
 Visit her with thy salvation,
 Make her own thy judgments just.

A Hymn

FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

ASSEMBLED in thy presence, Lord,
On this thy day of sacred rest,
Teach us to feed upon thy word,
And may thy love fill every breast.

With thee we would begin the day,
And early seek thy glorious face ;
Oh grant thy blessing, Lord, we pray,
On all the precious means of grace !

When in thy courts our prayers ascend,
Hear thou from heaven, thy throne above,
And thence a gracious answer send,
Refresh our souls with peace and love.

And may thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
Our hearts for heavenly seed prepare,
That when thy servants sow the word,
It may take root, and flourish there.

Thus may we feel new strength supplied,
 To cheer us on our heavenly way ;
 Rejoice in Jesus crucified,
 And taste indeed a Sabbath-day.

PSALM cxxxviii. 5.

*“ They shall sing in the ways of the Lord, for great
 is the glory of the Lord.”*

HEAR us, O thou mighty Saviour !
 While our grateful song we raise ;
 Feeble is our best endeavour
 Thus to celebrate thy praise ;
 Weak our efforts
 Here to lisp celestial lays.

Still, the blessed theme is cheering,
 While thy love our song inspires ;
 When before thy throne appearing,
 We can join the heavenly choirs ;
 Share the triumph,
 And in union tune our lyres.

May we every gospel-blessing,
 Now in rich experience prove;
 Pardon, peace, and joy possessing,
 Fruits of thine eternal love;
 Grant thy servants
 Manna from thy courts above.

In the midst of much temptation,
 Weak and helpless, Lord, we are;
 O be thou our strong salvation,
 May we thy protection share;
 And, in safety,
 Dwell beneath our Shepherd's care!

Pilgrims though we be, and strangers,
 Passing through a foreign land;
 Guarded from unnumbered dangers,
 Only by thy powerful hand;
 Make and keep us
 Still a faithful, watchful band.

When we reach the waves of Jordan,
 Let not death our souls affright,

Resting on thy blood-bought pardon,
 Strong in our Immanuel's might ;
 Sun of Glory,
 Cheer us with celestial light !

Peace Restored to Europe,

1814.

Dark was the tempest, while it howl'd around ;
 Dismal the elements' contending sound ;
 The seamen baffled, and the ship resigned,
 To be the sport of every adverse wind.
 But when the Prince of Peace, proclaimed his will,
 With word omnipotent ! said, " Peace, be still ;"
 Instant the mingled winds and waves divide,
 And the rough billows in a calm subside :
 The shatter'd vessel now, her danger o'er,
 Receives the fav'ring breeze, and makes her destined shore.

Human Life.

"We bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told."—Psalm xc. 9.

I thought of life, of human life,
 The fleeting years of man ;
 I thought of all the cares and strife,
 That waste our little span ;
 I thought of life, of human life, and shed a
 silent tear :
 Oh, why should souls immortal stoop, to
 seek a treasure here !

I thought how sweet our life appears
 In lovely infant form ;
 But in the bud of opening years,
 I found a fatal worm :
 I thought of life, of human life, and shed a
 silent tear,
 For oh, I thought, 'twas sad to see a little
 infant's bier !

I thought of life in childhood's day,
 And counted o'er its joys ;

How swiftly do they pass away,
 How soon each pleasure cloys !
 I thought of life, of human life, and still a
 tear would fall,
 To think that childhood has its pangs, its
 bitterness and gall.

I thought of life, in female charms,
 In loveliness arrayed ;
 I looked, and lo ! in death's cold arms,
 The beauteous form was laid :
 I thought of life, and while I thought, a
 bitter tear was shed,
 For memory told me of the loved, the lovely,
 and the dead.

I thought of life, in manhood's pride,
 In wealth, and pomp, and power ;
 It seemed a dream of eventide,
 The phantom of an hour ;
 I thought of life, and wept to see its glory
 vanish soon ;
 The flower that opened with the day, lay
 withering at noon.

I thought of life, when feeble age
 Bent tottering o'er the grave;
 When pleasures could no more engage
 Their former wretched slave;
 I thought of life, and sighed to see the years,
 so short and few,
 All spent in joys that cannot last, when
 death appears in view.

I thought of life, when I beheld
 The Christian's dying bed;
 And found his soul with comfort filled,
 When life's poor joys are fled.
 I thought of life, and asked if earth could
 ever yield such bliss;
 Oh, may his happy death be mine, and "my
 last end like his!"

I thought of life in endless day,
 In realms of light and love;
 And much I longed to flee away,
 And join the hosts above.
 I thought of life, where sighs and tears can
 never more annoy,
 The peaceful, holy, happy life of everlasting joy.

Christian Sympathy.

“ Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.”—Heb. xii. 6.

Why thus cast down, afflicted saint,
With heart oppressed and spirit faint,
Why stands suffused the tearful eye?
Why heaves unchecked the mournful sigh?

“ Oh! I have felt affliction’s dart,
“ Sorrows have pierced my wounded heart;
“ Forbid not then my tears to flow,
“ Nor chide the bitterness of woe.”

I chide not, but I fain would share,
And ease the burden of thy care;
But lest beneath the weight I bend,
I’ll tell thee of a better friend.

Hast thou remembered Him that died,
His pierced hands, and bleeding side;
And thought upon the scourge, the scorn,
The purple robe, the crowning thorn?

Hast thou considered Him, denied,
 Blasphemed, rejected, vilified ;
 Mocked by proud Herod's men of war,
 And falsely judged at Pilot's bar ?

And hast thou thought, that all for thee
 He hung upon the accursed tree ?
 For thee He died, and rose again,
 For thee He pleads, nor pleads in vain ?

And is He thus thy Priest to stand,
 Thine advocate at God's right hand,
 And can there be one single care,
 Forgotten in thy Saviour's prayer ?

Is He a King, whose sovereign sway,
 All things in heaven and earth obey ?
 And can'st thou have a pain or grief,
 Beyond His power to grant relief ?

Is He a Shepherd, bound to keep,
 And gently lead his feeble sheep ?
 Then not the fiercest beast of prey
 Can pluck the weakest lamb away.

Is He a Friend, who feels for thee
 The tenderest deepest sympathy ;
 Whose love in time of need will prove
 More faithful than a brother's love ?

A Friend unseen, yet ever near,
 To soothe each pain, and quell each fear ;
 With skilful hand thy wounds to bind,
 And calm the anguish of thy mind ?

“ Oh, that I could but once receive
 “ The comfort, truths like these can give !
 “ But my weak heart is burdened still,
 “ And grievous are the pangs I feel.”

But, what, if every bitter pain
 Be fraught with recompence and gain ?
 Sent by a Father's hand—to bless
 With peaceful “ fruits of righteousness.”

What, if thy Saviour, brother, friend,
 The process of thy grief attend ?
 As the refiner sitteth by,
 The precious ores to purify.

The gardener, seeking richer fruit,
Will ponder well the measured shoot ;
And feel a kind of mental strife,
Ere he apply the pruning knife.

The tender parent, will reprove,
And chide the children of his love ;
But, if with chastening rod he stand,
A father's love will guide his hand.

And can thy Saviour's care be less,
His watchful skill and tenderness ?
Trials must yield to his control,
Eternal love directs the whole.

Then dry each tear, afflicted saint,
Check every murmuring of complaint,
Bid all thy griefs and sorrows end,
Go, cast them on thy Saviour friend.

The Nativity.

Luke ii. 4-20.

Not in the chambers of the inn,

Could humble Mary rest ;

The Roman taxing brought to each,

Some far more honoured guest.

“ No place is here, for one so low ;

"Forth from the portal, thou must go,

“In this thy time of nature’s woe,

“To give thine infant birth.

“The stable may afford a shed,

“The manger where the beasts are fed,

"May yield, perchance, a narrow bed,

"For him who made the earth."

POSSESSOR OF THE WORLDS! didst thou disdain
A better home with mortals to provide?

Or was it thus, to fix a deeper stain

On human pride !

Thou didst begin thine embassy so low,

'To mark our sad estate of guilt and woe !

But were there none His honor to proclaim,
 None to declare,
 And tell the mission high, on which He came,
 Who lay an infant there?
 Why does the sable night, roll back her ebon chair?
 She needs not yet give way,
 To slow advancing day;
 But mark those beams of light,
 That cast their radiance bright,
 O'er all the eastern sky;
 Celestial glory fills the air,
 For heavenly visitants are there,
 The heralds from on high.

Blest are your ears, ye humble shepherd train,
 On Judah's fertile plain;
 Who to protect your feeble sheep,
 Your nightly watches keep;
 Blest are your ears, for they have heard a strain,
 Prophets and kings have long desired in vain;
 Blest are your eyes, for they behold
 Visions of glory long foretold,
 Writ in the sacred roll of God's unchanging word.
 To you, ye simple ones, is now made known,

The mystery of the incarnate Son,
The advent of the Lord.

Deep dread,
And solemn awe,
Of what they heard and saw,
Had filled each troubled mind ;
“ Fear not,” the angel said,
“ The tidings, which I bring,
“ From heaven’s eternal King,
“ Are tidings of great joy to all mankind ;
“ For unto you is born this day,
“ Him whom angelic hosts obey,
“ Him, at whose throne the Seraphs bend,
“ Whose voice shall yet all nature rend,
“ In highest heaven adored ;
“ But not in angel form arrayed,
“ His glory all aside is laid ;—
“ Go ye to Bethlehem, and see,
“ Clad in man’s helpless infancy,
“ The SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST the LORD.”

Instant, a bright attendant train
Their highest anthems raise ;

And in celestial strain,
 Begin their song of praise.

“Glory to God on high!”

Throughout the host, in sweetest melody,
 And cadence deep, the lofty accents fly.

But Oh! their thoughts of love
 Remained not long above;
 For bending to our world of sin and woe,
 The soft and plaintive notes of mercy flow.

Nor did the anthem cease,
 Till the sweet word of peace
 Was sent in soothing sound,
 To earth's remotest bound;
 “Good will to man,” was the last note they sung,
 Good will to fallen man, through heaven's high
 arches rung.

Then, when the vision bright
 Went back, into the realms of light,
 And sable night again,
 Had mantled all the plain,
 The shepherd band, instructed from above,
 Pondering the tidings sweet, of peace and love,

Hastened to Bethlehem in blest accord,
 Already their glad hearts were with their
 infant Lord.

Long ere the dawn had cheer'd the eastern sky,
 A brighter day-spring from on high,
 Had shone on them ;
 They came to Bethlehem,
 And in the stable found,
 Even as the angel said,
 The babe all meanly swathed around,
 Laid in his manger-bed ;
 Mary and Joseph, with parental care,
 The honored guardians of their Lord, were
 meekly watching there.

In simple strains the shepherd band declare,
 The glorious things, which they had seen
 and heard ;
 How the celestial host to them appeared,
 And all the mighty angel had made known,
 Of Him THE ETERNAL SON,
 Who lay an infant there.
 Amazement fill'd the listening throng,
 While on the wondrous tale they hung,

Swiftly thro' Bethlehem the tidings spread,
 Of what the shepherds said ;
 But Mary treasured up each precious word,
 Pondering with joy of heart, the glories of
 her Lord.

Infancy.

(Written on the Birth of a Daughter.)

Lov'd babe, just launched on life's uncertain sea,
 Unfit to combat each tempestuous wave ;
 Calm be thy course, from unseen dangers free,
 In times of trial, Lord, be nigh to save,
 And guide her feeble bark, to rest beyond the
 grave.

Baptism.

*(Written on the Christening of Anthony, Sixth Son
of Henry Kingscote, Esq.)*

Sweet bud of life,
Sprung forth amid the storm
Of untold evils, with which earth is rife !
Fain would we bear thee to some sheltered spot,
Some harbour safe, where danger enters not,
Nor any ill to touch thy tender form.

Unconscious heir of Adam's guilt and woe,
Fain would we snatch thee from a ruined world,
And shield thee from the sin-avenging rod !
Humbly to Jesus' feet in faith we go ;
And there, where mercy's banners are unfurl'd,
We lowly bend before the throne of grace,
To sue, to claim for thee, sweet babe, a place
Within the bosom of the Church of God.

Bereft of all that man by sin has lost,
Inheriting a nature all defiled,
For thee we seek a heavenly birth, sweet child,
The new creation of the Holy Ghost.

We bring thee to the sacred font, and pray,
 That Jesu's blood may cleanse the stain away,
 That holy baptism to thee may prove
 The seal and pledge of his redeeming love.

We ask in faith,—and oh, His love is such,
 That none from Him, can ever ask too much;
 His arms are open still, to take and bless
 Our infant race, in all their feebleness;
 To His blest arms, sweet babe, we bring thee now,
 And here record for thee the sacred vow,
 For thee renounce the world, its pomps disclaim,
 For thee we take the hallowed Christian name,
 Avouch Jehovah for thy God alone,
 And all opposed to his blest will disown.

The minister of Christ admits the claim,
 And in the name
 Of the Eternal Three
 Baptises thee;
 Sweet babe, the blessings of the Church are thine.
 Oh God of grace,
 Look down from heaven, thy dwelling place,
 On this our work of faith; vouchsafe to shine
 With beams of love divine;
 Let the rich blessing of thy grace be given,
 And what we do on earth, oh, ratify in heaven!

THE

Supper of the Lord.

It is the solemn sacramental hour.

Within thy courts, O Lord,

Thy waiting people stand,

Obedient to thine own command,

Writ in thy word,

O may we see thy beauty, feel thy power,

As oft of old

Thou didst thy love unfold,

Shine forth again, thou Sun of Righteousness!

Let thy bright beams of grace

Fill all this holy place!

Shed from above,

The radiance of thy love;

Now to our faith appear,

Saviour, draw near,

These emblems of thy dying love, to own, and bless.

It is a peaceful feast;

No sacrificing priest,

With blood of slaughtered beast,

No gifts of holy fire
 Dost thou desire ;
 But the sweet pledges of his love are spread,
 Who in amazing grace,
 Stood in the sinner's place,
 Sustained the awful weight of sin, and bled.
 Pause, O my soul, in deep solemnity,
 Go to the sacred foot of Calvary,
 And view the Saviour bleeding on the tree ;
 Look to the thorns that pierced his righteous head,
 The nails, the spear, by which his blood was shed,
 And read in every wound his love to thee !
 See there the dreadful power of wrath divine,
 And oh, remember that the guilt was thine.

A feast of love divine,
 In sacramental sign,
 Sweetly revealed,
 And to the faithful sealed,
 In broken bread and poured wine :
 Saviour, that love was thine.
 A love, whose breadth and length, and depth, and
 height,

Boundless and infinite !
 Surpass all human powers ;
 No thought of ours
 Can reach the vast amount,
 No mortal tongue can tell,
 Nor angel count,
 Riches unsearchable ;
 But faith, the feeblest faith, can make them mine.

A sacramental vow :
 Saviour, all we who in thy temple now
 Receive this bread, and drink this wine,
 Do solemnly profess that we are thine.
 Here we present ourselves to be
 A lively sacrifice to thee ;
 Beneath the banner of thy cross unfurled,
 We do renounce the world.
 Oh, with thine abundant grace
 Now thy waiting people bless !
 Here may we thy presence feel,
 While before thy feet we kneel.
 Now the influence of thy love
 Shed in all our hearts abroad !

May we ever faithful prove,
 As the family of God ;
 In thy holy image shine,
 That all the world may know the power of grace
 divine.

Feast of communion love,
 In which the saints below, and saints above,
 Sweetly unite :
 These in the realms of light,
 Clad in their robes of white,
 A bright and holy band,
 Who at their Lord's right hand,
 Before his throne in glory stand :
 Those, lingering in a world of woe,
 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 The remnant militant on earth,
 Partakers of the heavenly birth ;
 The mystic members of one living head,
 For whom the Saviour bled ;
 They all, feed on his love,
 By faith the Church below, in blissful sight above.

Amongst this faithful band enrolled,
Lord, let my portion be ;
As thou dost here thy love unfold,
Unfold that love to me.

Here would my soul be found,
When the archangel's trump shall sound ;
Saviour, when thou shalt come,
To take thy ransomed people home.

Here would I stand, in that tremendous day,
When, like a scroll, the heavens shall pass away,
When all the quickened dead shall leave the
tomb,

This earth receive its fiery doom,
And the whole race of man thy judgment-seat
surround.

HEBREWS xii. 2.

“ Looking unto Jesus.”

WHEN, by the Holy Spirit led,
I view the cross where Jesus bled,
And, gifted with a faith divine,
I make that dying mercy mine,
Hope firmly grasps the golden chain,
Which, fixed within the veil, does the whole
church sustain.

But oft my gloomy doubt prevails,
And fear my trembling soul assails;
The clouds of unbelief arise,
And hide the Saviour from mine eyes;
The sunbeams of his light withdrawn,
My comforts droop and fade, and all my joys
are gone.

O, let my Saviour's love appear
To banish all my guilty fear!
Then shall the day-spring cheer the sky,
The gloomy clouds of darkness fly,

And the bright beams of mercy shine,
To fill my soul with peace, and radiancy
divine.

Come, Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
On me thy saving gifts confer ;
Within my newborn spirit trace
Thy work of sanctifying grace,
Sweetly impress each holy line,
Until reflected there, my Saviour's image
shine !

If called to meet, for Jesu's name,
The world's reproach, contempt, and shame,
O, may I mark his footsteps there,
And meekly bow, his cross to bear ;
Then, resting on his faithful word,
Maintain, despite of foes, the honour of my
Lord.

But should the restless power of sin
Strive for the mastery within,
And still a deadly war maintain,
Seeking its ancient throne to gain,

Helpless, to Jesu's feet I'll go,
Unfold my bitter pain, and tell him all my
woe.

Then faith again shall be my guide,
And bring me to my Saviour's side ;
Again the streams of bleeding love
Shall all my guilt and pain remove ;
And firmly clinging to his cross,
I'll find my richest gain, when most I dreaded
loss.

In all my pilgrimage below,
O, guide me where I ought to go !
Let light and truth my path attend ;
And lead me to my journey's end ;
Till called to quit this house of clay ;
Then bear my ransom'd soul to realms of
endless day.

Burial of the Dead.

(Written after the Funeral of a Beloved Infant.)

And have we borne her to the silent tomb?
 And is the much-loved infant gone?
 Gone to her dreary home?

Yes, but a steadfast hope remains,
 Which bids our mourning tears be dry;
 The Saviour cleansed her guilty stains,
 And called her to His church on high.

The lovely babe was given, and having blest
 A moment of our time below,
 Was taken to eternal rest.

Bless gracious Lord, the means thy love employs,
 To wean our hearts from fading earthly joys,
 And that thy will is best, cause all our hearts
 to know.

Her precious dust to dust, her clay to clay,
 Until the dawn of resurrection day,

Sown in dishonour, but not so to rise,
 What time, the trump of God shall rend the skies;
 Raised in glory—it shall re-appear—
 And this corruptible shall incorruption wear.

PSALM cxxv.

Who trust in God, unmov'd shall stand,
 Like Zion's mount above,
 Protected by Jehovah's hand,
 Upheld by sovereign love.

“Jerusalem”—the mountains round,
 Defend her favor'd hill;
 But God, th'eternal God, is found,
 His people's refuge still.

But never shall unrighteous sway,
 God's heritage oppress,
 Lest tyrants force their hands away.
 To deeds of wickedness.

Do thou, the good and upright bless,
 With thine own goodness Lord,
 Thou art their strength and righteousness,
 Their portion and reward.

While those who love the crooked path,
 Which guilt and woe attend,
 Led forth with sinners in thy wrath,
 Shall find a bitter end.

The triumph of thy foes shall cease,
 Their rage and tumult rest,
 But still, with thine abundant peace,
 Shall Israel be blest.

Our Fatherland,

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS, 1848.

Raise the glad song with cheerful voice,
 Britannia, let thy sons rejoice,
 And bless that God, whose mighty hand
 Defends and keeps our Fatherland.

Far o'er the earth, loud tumult swells;
 Whilst peace in happy England dwells;
 Our gentle Queen, with mild command,
 Rules calmly in our Fatherland.

Bright freedom gilds her peaceful throne,
 Upheld by loyal hearts alone;
 While freeborn Britons nobly stand,
 Protectors of our Fatherland.

Impartial laws our rights defend,
 Justice stands forth—the poor man's friend;
 Whilst name of slave shall never brand
 The man that treads our Fatherland.

These are thy glories, England, thine,
 And thou thyself art freedom's shrine!
 Then never let the traitor's hand
 Be lifted in our Fatherland.

But chiefly thou preserve us, Lord,
 Steadfast in thy most holy word,
 That England's Church unmoved may stand,
 The blessing of our Fatherland.

FOR

Children in a Charity School.

*"Give ear, O shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest
Joseph like a flock."*—Psalm lxxx. 1.

Shepherd of Israel, behold,
The weakest lambs of all thy fold;
And while our grateful voice we raise,
Accept the tribute of our praise.

Scatter'd o'er nature's desert wild,
From heav'n, and thee, by sin exiled;
Our souls had Satan's prey become,
Had not thy mercy brought us home.

Gathered within thine earthly fold,
Amongst thy servants we're enrolled:
Visit our hearts with grace divine,
And make us now and ever thine.

May these, our benefactors prove,
The rich reward of Christian love,—
Their work of faith vouchsafe to bless,
And crown their labours with success.

Thanksgiving.

*Hymn of Praise for abundant Harvest after Famine,
September, 1847.*

Omnipotent Jehovah !
 With grateful hearts and voices,
 To thee we raise
 Our hymn of praise,
 While all the land rejoices ;
 Our nation bent before thee,
 In penitential sadness,
 Our humble cry
 Was heard on high,
 And grief was turned to gladness.

Omnipotent Jehovah !
 Thine ear of mercy heard us,
 A pardoning God
 Withdrew the rod,
 A Father's hand has spared us ;
 With richest stores of plenty,
 Thy bounteous grace hath crowned us,

While far and wide,
On every side,
The gifts of love surround us.

Omnipotent Jehovah !
Bow down our hearts before thee,
As thou dost prove
Thy boundless love,
May every soul adore thee;
Let thy rich gifts of mercy,
Bring back this guilty nation,
Till England's throne,
And people own
The God of our salvation.

Omnipotent Jehovah !
Thy bounteous gifts possessing,
We look above,
And trace thy love,
The source of every blessing ;
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Let all our people bless thee,
Adore the hand,
That crowns our land,
And England's God confess thee.

Holy Aspiration.

“ My soul thirsteth for thee.”—Psalm lxiii. 1.

My Saviour and my God,
I cast myself on thee,
I trust alone that precious blood,
So freely shed for me.

I long to see thy face,
I long to feel thy love,—
To realize the boundless grace,
Which brought thee from above.

But weak alas ! am I,
And cold my best desires,
I cannot reach the joys on high,
To which my heart aspires.

My God, each holy thought,
Comes down alone from thee,
Fulfil the wish that thou hast wrought,
Reveal thyself to me.

Doxology.

Endless praises to Jehovah,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Saints, proclaim your hallelujah,
Shout, ye bright angelic host ;
Hallelujah !
Shout, till time itself be lost.

